

# FRENCH NOBLES TRUE TO THEIR TRADITIONS IN THE WAR



## Like the Peasants, They Are Shedding Their Blood and Giving Up Their Lives for Their Country

By F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

FRANCE'S magnificent patriotism in the present war—a patriotism which has excited world-wide admiration, and nowhere more than in the United States, her old time ally and ever grateful friend—has taken many unexpected forms.

Until two years ago France was looked upon as a land of political unrest, torn asunder by so many factions and rivalries as to render the task of governing the nation according to constitutional methods a problem of legislation rather than of statecraft. To confide the administration of the destinies of the nation to any group of men seemed to arouse an overwhelming desire on the part of their fellow citizens to bowl them over.

The elevation of any one to the highest office of the State apparently constituted a general invitation to the hope of temporary safety lay in the dimensions of his adversary among themselves and in the difficulty of uniting their leaders in concerted action against him. In most other countries the Executive is looked upon as a perfectly legitimate subject of criticism. But in France he was considered an entirely justifiable object of attack and of bitter warfare.

With the commencement, however, of the present international conflagration, and with the German invasion of some of the fairest and richest provinces of France, the character of her people underwent a rapid and extraordinary change. The presence on the soil of the hereditary foe, renewing the abominable cruelties, the rapine, the ruin and desolation which had signaled the German invasions of 1814-15 and 1870-71, served to unite the entire population of France for her defense.

All political antagonisms, no matter how bitter; all factional disputes, all party and personal feuds were abandoned for the nonce. There was a coalition, not alone of the politicians but of the entire nation. The Ultramontane clasped hands with the anti-clerical, the Red Radical with the Monarchist, the capitalist with the Socialist, the territorial magnate with the peasant and the noble of ancient lineage with the republican.

Even old Clemenceau, the iconoclast of inveterate Cabinets who, in the piping times of peace sworn to drive President Poincaré from the Palace of the Elysee, suspended hostile operations against his successful rival in the race for the Chief Magistracy of the republic. In fact, there sprang into existence a new France, a France of God of medieval times, with this difference; that the truce was restricted to the dissensions among the French people, and that it was for purposes not of peace but of war—war against the foreign foe and abhorred invader.

This truce received the name of the Union Sacrée, and of the Concord Sacré, terms which have been much misconstrued abroad.

In this Sacred Union the princes of the former sovereign dynasties and the nobles of France have played a very notable role which, while it is known and appreciated on yonder side of the Atlantic, is ignored to a great extent here in America. At least it would seem so. For at a popular demonstration which took place in New York some weeks ago in favor of France one of the most eloquent of the American speakers, a lawyer of national reputation, while extolling the heroism of the republican children of France, considered it necessary to refer in a disparaging manner to her nobles as effete and as lacking in virility and in patriotism, unfortunate heresies which have furnished inspiration to the press of other American cities.

Yet the princes and nobles of France have responded with quite as much patriotic devotion to the call for the defense of their native land as the most ardent republicans, the latter of whom are the very first to admit, with enthusiasm and admiration, that their patriotic fellow countrymen have done their share, and more than their share, in the fight for their beloved Patrie.

As soon as the war broke out the Princes of the house of Bourbon and the head of the Bonaparte family at once issued the most peremptory directions in any way the administration of the nation could rely on for the defense of the Republic, and likewise notified President Poincaré and the Government in Paris that not a thing would be done during the war by the Monarchists to embarrass in any way the administration; and that the authorities could rely on their best cooperation in everything pertaining to the defense of the nation.

Not content with this, they one and all tendered their sword to the republic and pledged to be permitted to take part in the French army, no matter in what capacity, even among the ranks and file. But unfortunately for them, and perhaps for France—there is a low in existence which owes its enactment to the somewhat ignoble Gen. Boulanger, the ex-protege of Prince Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Aumale, excludes all nobles, dating from 1884, excludes all nobles, it is said, that have ever fought in France from the privilege

of serving either in her army or in her navy. President Poincaré was obliged, therefore, to decline the application of the princes to be permitted to fight under the French flag, calling attention to the fact that his hands and those of the Government were tied in the matter, expressing his regret that such was the case and praising the patriotism that had dictated the offer of their sword.

Excluded from the armed forces of France, they were as a result necessarily prevented from taking military or naval service under the flag of France's allies, at any rate as combatants. All of them, however, have found other means of rendering themselves useful to France in her hour of stress and peril. Two, namely, Prince Sixtus and Prince Xavier of Bourbon, secured admission to one of the numerous foreign ambulance corps on the Belgian, English and French fronts in the role of stretcher bearers and performed so many acts of quiet heroism in carrying the wounded off the battlefields under the heavy fire of the enemy that last spring they were decorated by King Albert with his Order of Leopold, while last month the President of the French Republic bestowed upon each of them, in the presence of the troops, the Croix Militaire.

Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Montpensier, happened to be cruising in Chinese waters when the war broke out, and of French descent, he performed so many acts of quiet heroism in carrying the wounded off the battlefields under the heavy fire of the enemy that last spring they were decorated by King Albert with his Order of Leopold, while last month the President of the French Republic bestowed upon each of them, in the presence of the troops, the Croix Militaire.

It may be remembered that several months elapsed before Japan joined the cause of the Powers of the Entente, and during that period the British naval commander in chief in the Far East was so handicapped by the lack of cruisers that he gladly took advantage of the loan of Prince Ferdinand's yacht, a couple of his own officers on board and sent her cruising in the China seas, where she picked up a number of German and Austrian prizes, and took them into port at Hongkong before the mobilization of the Japanese navy. Afterward she sailed for the Philippines, where the Government as a despatch boat, and when finally relieved of further service was struck by a floating mine in the Mediterranean on her way home and sunk.

Prince Ferdinand returned home by passenger liner across the Pacific and Atlantic at great personal discomfort, in view of his state of health, almost succumbed to his malady during the three weeks that he spent in New York, and on regaining, in a measure, his health, after returning to France, devoted himself to the care of the wounded in his mother's castle of Randan, which has been transformed into a hospital, and at his villa on the Riviera.

As for Prince Gaston of Orleans, Count of Eu, consort of the ex-Crown

COUNT CHARLES DE VOGUE  
DUKE DE LUYNES



GEN. PATRICE DE MACMAHON

DUKE OF MAGENTA

Princess of Brazil and a veteran of several Brazilian wars, he insisted on enlisting as a private in the municipal guard of the town of Eu, in the immediate vicinity of his chateau of that name, and in spite of his advanced age—he is considerably over seventy—has been doing duty as sentry along the railroad track since the beginning of the present conflict.

With regard to the nobles of France, there is to-day not a single house of the old aristocracy which is not mourning the loss of one or more of its members who have given their lives for their country. In every one of the great clubs in Paris, in the Union, the Agricolle, the Epistat, the Jockey, &c., there have been set up in the principal apartment of the premises two middle tablets, on one of which are inscribed in letters of gold the names of those of the members who have been killed in battle, while the other is reserved for the names of those still living who have won official recognition by feats of gallantry and by deeds of heroism. They are called the tables of honor.

The names which they bear are some of the most illustrious in the fourteen hundred year old history of France, names that first came into prominence in the days of the Crusades; and the list is very long, especially those of the dukes. The latter include no less than three dukes, namely, those of Rohan, of Lorge and of Arenberg, as well as a number of scions of other ducal and princely houses, such as, for instance, those of Polignac, of Avaray, of Maille, of La Rochefoucauld, of Broc, of Brissac and of Gramont.

In some instances the names of fathers and sons are to be found on the same table of honor and in other cases the names are of two brothers. They furnish an inspiration to all the surviving members of the club as well as to guests and visitors, and it is no exaggeration to assert that these tables of honor are the pride and the most highly prized treasure of the institutions concerned.

Of all the great names in France there is probably none that is more widely known abroad than that of Rohan, which figures on every page of French history. It is a family which has furnished innumerable cardinals, statesmen and marshals to the nation.

The Rohans take their name from the castle of Rohan, in the Morbihan, and owe their title of prince not to any grant or to royal favor, but to the fact that they were recognized in ancient times as the Court of France as descended from and representative of the original sovereign dukes of Brittany. Most of them, however, have declined to make use of the title of prince, considering their name of Rohan sufficiently illustrious without the pretense of any title, living up in this respect to the motto of their ancestor, that Sieur de Rohan who proudly exclaimed, "Hoi ne puis, due ne veut, prince ne daigne, Rohan suis."

At least sixteen of them lost their lives on the scaffold in the great Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century for no other reason than that they belonged to the oldest French aristocracy. One of the most famous of the family was probably that Henry of Rohan who was the favorite and companion in arms of Henry IV. of France, also the godfather of King Charles I. of England, as well as the son-in-law of France's great soldier and statesman the Duke of Sully, and who declined the offer of the sovereignty of the Island of Cyprus as King made to him by the Sublime Porte.

France's second Duke to fall in the present war has been Guy Duc de Lorge, who was killed at the front as a twenty-five-year-old Lieutenant of the Thirty-second Dragoon Regiment. He was succeeded in the family honors and estates by his younger brother, formerly known as Count Robert de Duport de Civaux, who enlisted at the beginning of the war as a private in another Dragoon regiment, and who has won the stripes of a non-commissioned officer and the Military Cross at the front.

The dukedom of Lorge is one of those which greatly antedate the Revolution, and the first Duke was second in command to his uncle, the famous Marshal de Turenne, in most of his campaigns, winning the baton of Field Marshal of France for himself by his own numerous victories, notably that of the battle of Hohenlin, in 1692, when he made prisoner the ruler of Wurtemberg. Another ancestor was that Seigneur de Lorge who was Captain of the Guard of King Francis



THE DUKE OF ROHAN

at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and whose son, known as the Count de Montgomerie by reason of his purchase of an estate of that name, accidentally killed Henry II. of France, in a state tournament.

It was a Seigneur de Lorge, too, who at the bidding of the fair Cingegunde sprang into the den of the King's lions to fetch her glove, which she had thrown down there as a test of his courage. According to the familiar lines of Leigh Hunt, when he emerged from the lions' den:

He threw the glove,  
But not with love,  
Right in the lady's face.

While the King, who had witnessed both the dare and the deed, applauded his act:

No love, said he, but vanity,  
Sets loose a task like that.

The third of France's Dukings gave his life for his country has been Duke Ernest of Arenberg, who was killed while serving as a Lieutenant of the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry in May of last year, and whose father, Duke Augustus, is the vice-president of the Jockey Club and former president of the Suez Canal Company.

In point of rank the old Duke is entitled to the "pas" over all other French dukes, as scion of one of the mediaeval or formerly sovereign houses of central Europe, and as such he and the members of his house, who are all dukes and princes and duchesses and princesses from the moment of their birth, are qualified to mate on a footing of perfect equality with the reigning dynasties of the Old World.

## New Glory Won for Historic Names by Heroic Deeds Inspired by Patriotic Devotion in Nation's Defence

Prince Ernest left no children by his marriage to Countess Therese de la Rochefoucauld, daughter of the Duke of Ensisheim. His elder brother, Duke of Arenberg, is still serving at the front as a Captain on the staff of Gen. Joffre.

Among the most famous ancestors of these Dukes of Arenberg is that Count Robert de la Mark, whose name is familiar to all readers of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, while another was that famous French patriot Count Ernest, whose tragic fate has furnished the theme of one of Goethe's most stirring dramas and resulted in that insurrection which culminated in the emancipation of the Netherlands from Spanish thralldom. But another Arenberg was the Count de la Mark, who was the friend of Mirabeau and who acted as the go-between in the relations of that celebrated statesman and Queen Marie Antoinette.

The ducal title of the Arenbergs dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, when it was conferred by the Emperor of Germany as a dignity of the Holy Roman Empire, and it was confirmed as a French honor by King Charles X. some eighty years ago.

Prince Henri de Polignac, who was killed at the front as a Captain of the 103rd Infantry Regiment, leaving a family of six small children by his marriage to his cousin, Countess Diane de Polignac, was the second son of the present and fourth Duke of Polignac, whose dukedom was one of the first created by King Louis XVI. after his accession to the throne in the eighteenth century. The present Duke is the grandson of Duke Jules de Polignac, who was the Prime Minister of Charles X. at the time of the revolution of 1830 in France. He received from the Emperor of Austria the title of Duke of Havarria, Pursat or Prince, to which all his descendants in the male line are heirs.

Still another French Duke to mourn for a son fallen on the field of honor, fighting for his country, is the Duke of Lesparre. The young officer, known as Count Adrien de Gramont, was killed while serving as Captain of the 274th regiment of infantry. Among his ancestors of the house of Gramont no less than six were Marshals of France, while on his mother's side he was descended from the Duke of Montpensier, Duke de Consegliano, who conducted the heroic defense of Paris against the allied army in 1814.

The young Count was able to boast, too, of having in his veins the blood of that most popular of all French monarchs, namely, Henry IV., his ancestor, the famous beauty, Corisande de Gramont, having been one of the dearest friends and acknowledged favorites of that King. In fact, Henry IV. was anxious to confer one of his own dukedoms, that of Vendome, as well as the royal arms of France, upon his young nephew, but he died before the young fellow had the good sense to decline the honor, preferring the historic and illustrious name of de Gramont to one which would have placed on record not only for his contemporaries but likewise for the history of all time, his mother's frailty and her husband's complaisance. The Dukedom of Gramont dates from 1648, while the title of Prince of Bidache, borne also by the head of the house, comes down from

the time of the Crusades. The Dukedom of Lesparre, usually borne by the younger brother of the Duc de Gramont of his day, was created in 1739. Among other Dukes who have been serving at the front since the beginning of the war is the Duke of Luynes, tenth of his line, who is also Duke of Chevreuse and Duke of Montfort as well as Prince of Neuchatel, his younger son, Philip, bearing the famous title of Comte de Dunais, which is one of the family honors. The Duke has been acting as Captain of the Seventeenth Regiment of Chasseurs a Cheval, and has been mentioned in the despatches alike by the French and English generalissimos for gallantry on the battlefields.

Some fifty-three years of age, he has long been the chief of the honorary court of the royal Duke of Orleans, and is recognized as his principal representative in France, which does not prevent him from serving his country with the utmost devotion in this war. His dukedom of Luynes dates from 1619, and his father, the ninth Duke, was killed at the battle of Patay, in the Franco-German war of 1870.

The present Duke has a royal wife in the person of a daughter of the late Duke of Chartres, who served with his elder brother, the Count of Paris, in the American civil war on the staff of Gen. McClellan. The Duke of Magenta, who is the elder son of the Duke of Luynes, is a professional soldier, was commanding a regiment of infantry at Havre on the outbreak of the war, and has received promotion to the rank of General on the battlefield. A similar distinction has fallen to the share of his younger brother, the Duke of Magenta, who was a Major of infantry prior to the war. So that both sons of the old Marshal are now Generals of the French army.

Prince Murat, great-grandson of that French marshal and cavalry leader Joachim Murat, who was brother-in-law of the first Napoleon, and King of Naples, joined the army as a reserve officer of cavalry, on the outbreak of the war, in spite of his being a sexagenarian. He has Ameri blood in his veins, being a grandson of Miss Caroline Fraser of Philadelphia, who died as Princess Caroline Murat, of his father, the Duke of Magenta. The Duke of Magenta, who was a Major of infantry prior to the war, is a non-commissioned officer of the Fourth Regiment of French Hussars.

Not merely columns, but pages more could be written of the bearers of great French names who figure on the tables of honor, either as among the dead or as recipients of rewards for feats of heroism, many of them being wounded, and some crippled for life. The dead include the two brothers, the Comte de Gramont and Jean de Turenne of the family of the celebrated Marshal Turenne, the Count Charles de Vogue, whose family claims descent from one of the Scriptural Three Wise Men of the East; the two brothers, Count Robert and Count Albert de la Forest Divonne, one a chaplain, and the other a major of Infantry, the Comte de Gramont de Gaborie, the Vicomte Charles de Fontenay, the Vicomte Melchior de Faramond, whose brother was for a long time French Naval Attaché at Washington; and the Count de Roquetaillade.

On the other table of honor and among those who still survive, are to be found the names of the terribly wounded Count Andre de Clugny, the Count Marcel de Cosse-Brisac of the ducal house of Brissac, the Col. Count de St. Mars, the Count Leon de Bernis, the blind Count Rene de La Salle, which has furnished a saint to the church in the person of Francis de Sales, and Count Armand de Petit-Thouars of the French navy, commander of the battleship Suffren.

Hundreds of more names of the same kind could be cited in order to show that the nobles of France do not merit to be referred to here in America as effete. The companions in arms of the Marquis de Lafayette, who fought for the independence of the United States, were all members of the aristocracy. And what I have written above will, I trust, go to show that the nobles of France in this twentieth century have, as regards both patriotism and heroism, lived up to the glorious traditions of their illustrious ancestors, ranging away back to the time of the Crusades.

# PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST AS ENGLAND SEES IT

By H. COZENS-HARDY.

WITHIN the last two or three days I have discussed the Presidential election I suppose with at least fifty more or less representative Americans. I should say about twenty-five of them are absolutely certain it is going to be a landslide for Mr. Hughes. The rest are equally positive that Mr. Wilson will sweep the country. Coming up your Fifth Avenue this morning—the most majestic thoroughfare on earth—I met an old friend who is one of the Republican leaders and a man whom I happen to know accurately foretold the result of the 1904, 1908 and 1912 elections. I said to him:

"It looks like a close fight this year."

"Close fight?" was his answer. "Don't you leave this bunch of guys who are rooting for Wilson in New York. The spinless President has as much chance of reelection as a snowball in hell. Don't you know we are a united party this year?"

"Yes, I do," said I. "And don't you forget there's a full dinner pail with 'Don't you leave this bunch of guys who are rooting for Wilson in New York. The spinless President has as much chance of reelection as a snowball in hell. Don't you know we are a united party this year?"

"It is a false, inflated prosperity," was his answer, "and it will collapse the moment there are signs of the war coming to a close. That is why the country will go Republican, reestablish a sound tariff and so save the situation."

I hadn't left my excellent friend the Republican rooster two minutes before I encountered a lady from Texas who, like so many American womenfolk nowadays, is closely following American politics. She is a warm friend of Colquhoun and Bailey, who were State figures of some importance when I

## Bitter Things Said Against Wilson by Americans Abroad as Well as by Foreigners, Reports a Trained Observer Here

man in the street as the official attitude of America to a war in the Morbihan, and owe their title of prince not to any grant or to royal favor, but to the fact that they were recognized in ancient times as the Court of France as descended from and representative of the original sovereign dukes of Brittany. Most of them, however, have declined to make use of the title of prince, considering their name of Rohan sufficiently illustrious without the pretense of any title, living up in this respect to the motto of their ancestor, that Sieur de Rohan who proudly exclaimed, "Hoi ne puis, due ne veut, prince ne daigne, Rohan suis."

At least sixteen of them lost their lives on the scaffold in the great Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century for no other reason than that they belonged to the oldest French aristocracy. One of the most famous of the family was probably that Henry of Rohan who was the favorite and companion in arms of Henry IV. of France, also the godfather of King Charles I. of England, as well as the son-in-law of France's great soldier and statesman the Duke of Sully, and who declined the offer of the sovereignty of the Island of Cyprus as King made to him by the Sublime Porte.

France's second Duke to fall in the present war has been Guy Duc de Lorge, who was killed at the front as a twenty-five-year-old Lieutenant of the Thirty-second Dragoon Regiment. He was succeeded in the family honors and estates by his younger brother, formerly known as Count Robert de Duport de Civaux, who enlisted at the beginning of the war as a private in another Dragoon regiment, and who has won the stripes of a non-commissioned officer and the Military Cross at the front.

The dukedom of Lorge is one of those which greatly antedate the Revolution, and the first Duke was second in command to his uncle, the famous Marshal de Turenne, in most of his campaigns, winning the baton of Field Marshal of France for himself by his own numerous victories, notably that of the battle of Hohenlin, in 1692, when he made prisoner the ruler of Wurtemberg. Another ancestor was that Seigneur de Lorge who was Captain of the Guard of King Francis

last week a charming American who has a lovely castle in the north of Scotland and was a Kentucky girl and a lifelong friend of Mr. Hughes, the public men perhaps do not take altogether kindly to semi-unauthorized missions of amateur diplomats. It was Col. House's duty to talk to Cabinet Ministers and sound them on inside information relating to the war. Col. House is an eloquent listener. The story goes that when the Colonel met Lloyd George and expected the Minister of War to confide in him, Lloyd George immediately turned to him and said, "Well, Col. House, what is it you want to know?" Whatever it was the White House envoy did not explain, and you may be quite sure the War Minister did not tell him.

London is a long way from Washington. Her view of what is practical statesmanship may be quite different from that of the President. The President's opinion on a matter of purely American politics. But she thought the G. O. P. made a big mistake when it went to the Supreme Court for its 1916 standard bearer. She thought the party machine should have forgiven and forgotten the betrayal of 1912 in the presence of an imminent emergency. London felt you had a man absolutely fitted to the hour, and when Hughes and not Roosevelt was chosen at Chicago most Englishmen said it could only mean the second inauguration of Wilson. Englishmen long ago forgave Roosevelt for his blinding indiscretion in telling Downing Street in the hearing of Lord Cromer himself to govern Egypt properly or get out, and the majority of them would have rejoiced in the prospect of the return of T. R. A united party and the vision of the reestablishment of a tariff wall may bring back the Republicans to power. But lookers on across the Atlantic will be astonished if such a thing occurs.

There is a one man in England who has never visited the United States, but who is a great student of your history, a very warm friend of your country and is a wholehearted admirer of Woodrow Wilson. His name is A. G. Gardiner, without exception the ablest, sanest and most inspired writer that the war has discovered in the British Empire. He told me just before I sailed that he regarded Wilson as the hope of the world. He said that next to the Duke of Argyll, your President has borne the most

momentous burden placed upon any single back in these unprecedented times. The beseated American has threatened him on the one hand, the stentorian voice of Mr. Roosevelt has thundered at him on the other. Merchants have stormed at him about the French blockade, the West has been indignant to the war and sometimes hostile to the Allies. He has disappointed everybody. He subjects himself to criticism on every quarter. He has been deafened with advice, tutored at on every side, appealed to, screamed at, traduced, misrepresented, misunderstood. But Mr. Gardiner thinks that under Wilson's guidance the New World in Canning's immortal phrase will reduce the balance of the Old. He understands your President's scheme of American federation. It embraces not simply the United States but the South American republics. And Canada is also to share in the pan-American union for the consolidation of American peace. Mr. Gardiner, almost alone in England, sees in the President's enterprise the seed of that larger peace that will encompass the world. It may be only a vision, but I think Mr. Taft has seen it also, and it does suggest a way out of the wilderness in which the Old World has wandered to the ruin that stares it in the face.

Perhaps Mr. Hughes will advance this consummation more happily than Mr. Wilson. At any rate whoever is to preside over the destinies of the United States in the coming critical years I am sure you may rely on your cousins in the British Empire being ever ready to add any scheme to bind the whole English speaking race more closely together and unite with imperishable bonds all nations that love liberty and rejoice in the pursuit of the arts of peace.

London is a long way from Washington. Her view of what is practical statesmanship may be quite different from that of the President. The President's opinion on a matter of purely American politics. But she thought the G. O. P. made a big mistake when it went to the Supreme Court for its 1916 standard bearer. She thought the party machine should have forgiven and forgotten the betrayal of 1912 in the presence of an imminent emergency. London felt you had a man absolutely fitted to the hour, and when Hughes and not Roosevelt was chosen at Chicago most Englishmen said it could only mean the second inauguration of Wilson. Englishmen long ago forgave Roosevelt for his blinding indiscretion in telling Downing Street in the hearing of Lord Cromer himself to govern Egypt properly or get out, and the majority of them would have rejoiced in the prospect of the return of T. R. A united party and the vision of the reestablishment of a tariff wall may bring back the Republicans to power. But lookers on across the Atlantic will be astonished if such a thing occurs.

There is a one man in England who has never visited the United States, but who is a great student of your history, a very warm friend of your country and is a wholehearted admirer of Woodrow Wilson. His name is A. G. Gardiner, without exception the ablest, sanest and most inspired writer that the war has discovered in the British Empire. He told me just before I sailed that he regarded Wilson as the hope of the world. He said that next to the Duke of Argyll, your President has borne the most

momentous burden placed upon any single back in these unprecedented times. The beseated American has threatened him on the one hand, the stentorian voice of Mr. Roosevelt has thundered at him on the other. Merchants have stormed at him about the French blockade, the West has been indignant to the war and sometimes hostile to the Allies. He has disappointed everybody. He subjects himself to criticism on every quarter. He has been deafened with advice, tutored at on every side, appealed to, screamed at, traduced, misrepresented, misunderstood. But Mr. Gardiner thinks that under Wilson's guidance the New World in Canning's immortal phrase will reduce the balance of the Old. He understands your President's scheme of American federation. It embraces not simply the United States but the South American republics. And Canada is also to share in the pan-American union for the consolidation of American peace. Mr. Gardiner, almost alone in England, sees in the President's enterprise the seed of that larger peace that will encompass the world. It may be only a vision, but I think Mr. Taft has seen it also, and it does suggest a way out of the wilderness in which the Old World has wandered to the ruin that stares it in the face.

Perhaps Mr. Hughes will advance this consummation more happily than Mr. Wilson. At any rate whoever is to preside over the destinies of the United States in the coming critical years I am sure you may rely on your cousins in the British Empire being ever ready to add any scheme to bind the whole English speaking race more closely together and unite with imperishable bonds all nations that love liberty and rejoice in the pursuit of the arts of peace.

London is a long way from Washington. Her view of what is practical statesmanship may be quite different from that of the President. The President's opinion on a matter of purely American politics. But she thought the G. O. P. made a big mistake when it went to the Supreme Court for its 1916 standard bearer. She thought the party machine should have forgiven and forgotten the betrayal of 1912 in the presence of an imminent emergency. London felt you had a man absolutely fitted to the hour, and when Hughes and not Roosevelt was chosen at Chicago most Englishmen said it could only mean the second inauguration of Wilson. Englishmen long ago forgave Roosevelt for his blinding indiscretion in telling Downing Street in the hearing of Lord Cromer himself to govern Egypt properly or get out, and the majority of them would have rejoiced in the prospect of the return of T. R. A united party and the vision of the reestablishment of a tariff wall may bring back the Republicans to power. But lookers on across the Atlantic will be astonished if such a thing occurs.

There is a one man in England who has never visited the United States, but who is a great student of your history, a very warm friend of your country and is a wholehearted admirer of Woodrow Wilson. His name is A. G. Gardiner, without exception the ablest, sanest and most inspired writer that the war has discovered in the British Empire. He told me just before I sailed that he regarded Wilson as the hope of the world. He said that next to the Duke of Argyll, your President has borne the most

momentous burden placed upon any single back in these unprecedented times. The beseated American has threatened him on the one hand, the stentorian voice of Mr. Roosevelt has thundered at him on the other. Merchants have stormed at him about the French blockade, the West has been indignant to the war and sometimes hostile to the Allies. He has disappointed everybody. He subjects himself to criticism on every quarter. He has been deafened with advice, tutored at on every side, appealed to, screamed at, traduced, misrepresented, misunderstood. But Mr. Gardiner thinks that under Wilson's guidance the New World in Canning's immortal phrase will reduce the balance of the Old. He understands your President's scheme of American federation. It embraces not simply the United States but the South American republics. And Canada is also to share in the pan-American union for the consolidation of American peace. Mr. Gardiner, almost alone in England, sees in the President's enterprise the seed of that larger peace that will encompass the world. It may be only a vision, but I think Mr. Taft has seen it also, and it does suggest a way out of the wilderness in which the Old World has wandered to the ruin that stares it in the face.

Perhaps Mr. Hughes will advance this consummation more happily than Mr. Wilson. At any rate whoever is to preside over the destinies of the United States in the coming critical years I am sure you may rely on your cousins in the British Empire being ever ready to add any scheme to bind the whole English speaking race more closely together and unite with imperishable bonds all nations that love liberty and rejoice in the pursuit of the arts of peace.

London is a long way from Washington. Her view of what is practical statesmanship may be quite different from that of the President. The President's opinion on a matter of purely American politics. But she thought the G. O. P. made a big mistake when it went to the Supreme Court for its 1916 standard bearer. She thought the party machine should have forgiven and forgotten the betrayal of 1912 in the presence of an imminent emergency. London felt you had a man absolutely fitted to the hour, and when Hughes and not Roosevelt was chosen at Chicago most Englishmen said it could only mean the second inauguration of Wilson. Englishmen long ago forgave Roosevelt for his blinding indiscretion in telling Downing Street in the hearing of Lord Cromer himself to govern Egypt properly or get out, and the majority of them would have rejoiced in the prospect of the return of T. R. A united party and the vision of the reestablishment of a tariff wall may bring back the Republicans to power. But lookers on across the Atlantic will be astonished if such a thing occurs.